

To the Curteous Readers.



Gentlemen: to make a longe
Preamble to a short suite, were follie: & ther-
fore (in brieft) thus. Heare you haue the
first fruits of my inducours, and the Maiden
head of my Pen: which, how rude and vnpo-
lished it maye seeme in your (Eagle-sighted) eye, I can not
conceiue: and therefore, fearinge the worst, I haue sought in
some sort to preuent it. Apelles, hauing framed any Worke of
woorth, wold set it openlie to the view of all, hiding himselfe
closely in a corner of his Worke-house, to the end, that if some
curious and carping felloe came to finde any faulte, he might
amend it against the next Market. In the publishing of
this little Poem, I haue imitated the Painter, giuing you this poore
Pamphlet to peruse, lurking, in the meane-while, obscurely
— till that hearing how you please to censure of my simple woork,
I may, in some other Opere magis elaborato, apply my Veine
to your humors, and be quit from the captious tongues, and la-
uish tearmes of the detracting vulgar, able to nip any fruit in
the Blossome, and much like the Caterpillers, that neastled in
a tree, feed on euery leafe til al be wythered and defaced: But
leauing them to themselves, and all fauourers of forwardnesse
in such pleasing humors, to their hearts content: I ende.

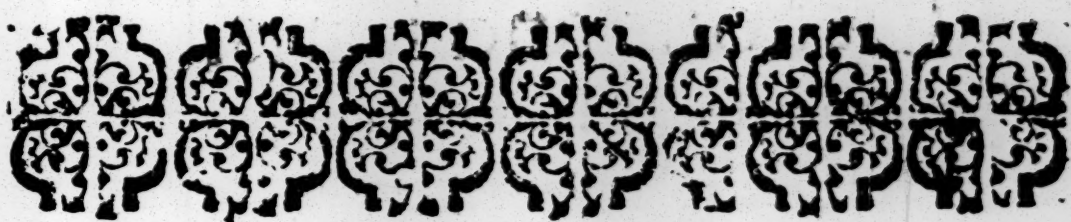
T.

H.

A. 2.

**Gentle Reader, in perusing this Poem, amend
these few faultes in the Printing.**

In B. page 1. line, 4. for rightly, reade right. eadem, page, 3. line 17. for quandam, read quondam. eadem, pag. 5. line 19. for withstood, read withstand. eadem, pag. 8. last line, for lot, read loue. In D. page 1. line 15. for engraued, reade engrained. eadem, pag. 4. line. 4. for effect, reade affect. eadem, line 21. for Acidatia, read Acidalia. eadem, pag. 8 line 15, for vp-beauen, read vp-heaued.



Oenone and Paris.

WHEN Sun-bright Phebus in his fierie carre,
Ended his passage through the vernall signes,
And all the trees that on the mountaines are,
Aspyring Cedars, and the loftie pines,
— And verdaunt flowers mantled all in greene
Newlye receiued their liueries from their Queene.

The Phrigian Paris earlie in a morning,
Rose from th'imbracements of his new-stolne bryde:
Him selfe in filkes, his steede with studdes adorning,
With speedie course fast to the groves he plyde.
Pursuing game as farre as Ida mountaine,
There hee alight's, and sits him by a fountaine.

Fastening his Palfercy to a beechen spring,
He softly paced to a pleasant bower.
There had the Siluanes planted many a thing.
Flora bedecked it with eche smelling flower.
The Primrose, Cow-slippe, and the Daffadillie,
The Pinke, the Daylie, Violet, and Lillie.

Oenone and Paris.

Whether he mazed on his beauteous rape,

Or of Oenone felte (sweet soule) forsaken:

— Whether hee thanked Neptune for his escape,

Or sea-borne Venus for his prize forsaken.

Whether hee came to view the wad: on Fawnes,

Or see the Satyres tripping through the Lawnes.

There fate hee still: still musag as hee fate,

Leaning his elbowe on a mo:le-grownde stumpe.

His comely temples shadowed with his hatte,

Like crowning Iuno in an angrie dumpe.

A scarfe of greene about his necke hee wore,

Wherein a huntsmans horne hee hanging bore.

In his right hand a bore-speare well hee weildes,

Plated with golde, but pointed with sharpe Steele,

Thus armed doeth Dictynna trace the feildes,

With all her trayne attending at her heele.

Plants were his seate, the leaues hee made his pillow,

Hee sees a nymph, whose chaplet was of willow.

— Lowlye shee fate her in the pleasaunt coole:

Her face all swoolne with still distilling teares:

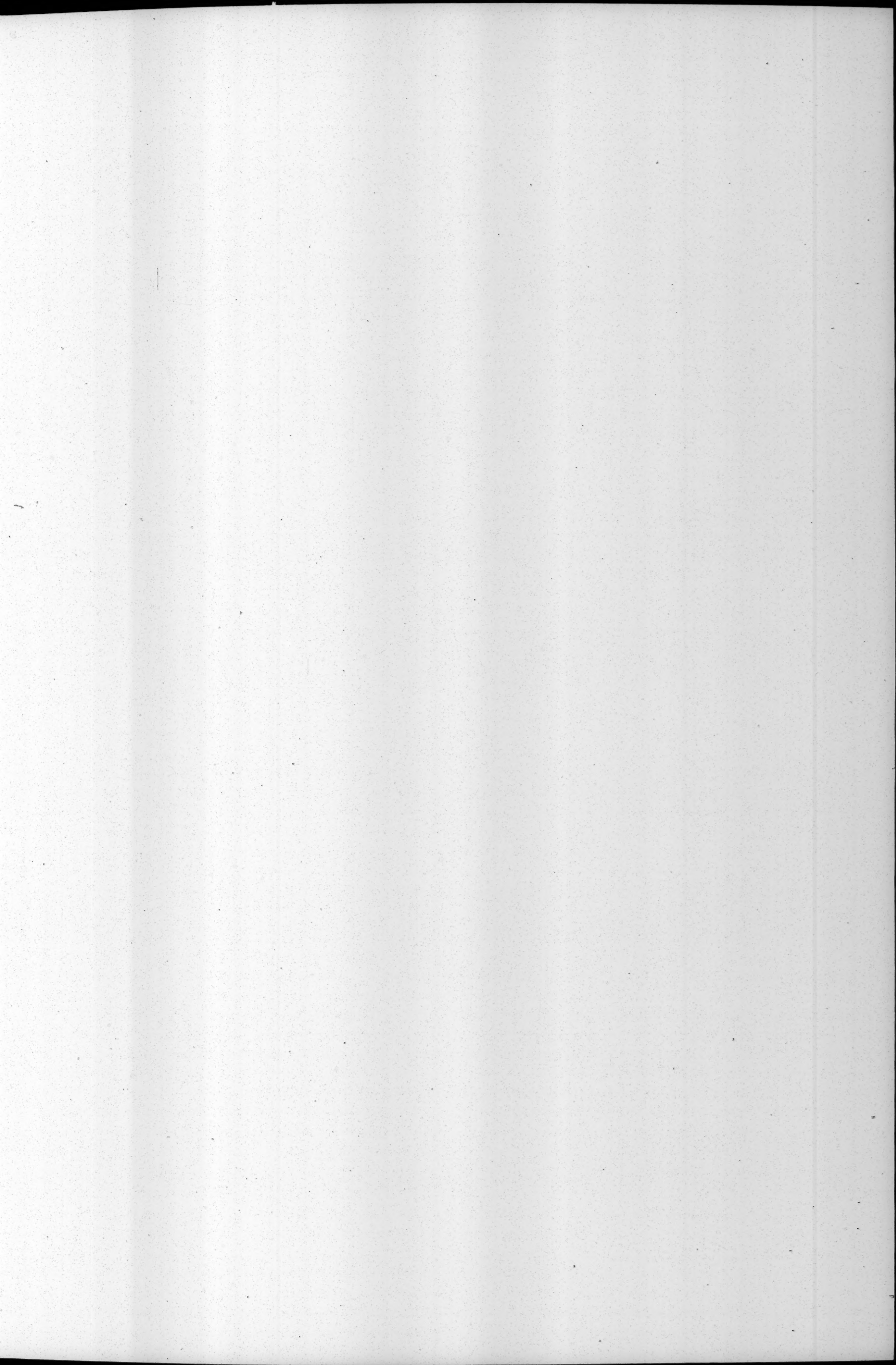
Who breathing out a passion (sayth Ah toole)

Thy sighesurcharge the fewnesse of thy yeares.

They fill thy face full of wrinkled rarrowes,

Ingratefull Troian, cause of all my sorrowes.

A soure



Oenone and Paris.

A source of teares (preamble to a passion.)
Hath stop't the passage of her further mone:
Yet looks shee vp after a mournfull fashion,
As Phillis looked for Demophoon.
And now shee sawe him, for shee is almost by him.
(Close were hee hid, if louers could not spy him.)

When whistlye pacing with a modest gate,
Softly shee trippeth on the bearing flowers,
And gently came, and towcht him where hee sate,
Shadowed from Tytan in the leauy bowers.
As once the goddesse Citherea came,
To finde Adonis following of his game.

Pausing a while (for passions made her pause.)
Shee thus beganne, (that hardly found beginning.)
And art thou come to prosecute the cause?
Of well or woe, my loosing or my winning?
Say gentle Troian, wordes that may delight me,
And for thy former lust I will acquite thee.

Loe howe Aurora with her blushing face,
Bewrayes her lust with Cephalus her loue,
Thy Crimson rose the Lilly doeth out-chase,
Thy fauour doeth thy fatall faulres discover.
That guile-full Curtisan, whome thou hast taken,
Mak's poore Oenone vitterly forsaken.

Oenone and Paris.

- Fowle fall that forreine hecfa of the Greekes,
Who (yet a youngling) was braue Theseus rape.
Nought else saue lust, and breach of loue shee leekes.
Ah, couldst thou not her suttie snares escape,
If thou doest loue thy life, thy selfe, thy syre,
Master these raging flames of thy desire.
- Band bee that barke that brought from Lacedemon,
That snowt-fayre Princesse with her tempting face,
Could neither chaungeling Proteus, nor Palemon?
Seas soueraigne Neptune with thy three-forkt mace?
Why would not some fayre sea-god make a motion,
To drench that painted Idoll in the Ocean?

Where was chaste Thetis in that stormie stower?
Or frostie Triton with shrill sounding trumpet?
Oh wherefore did you not display your power?
Pursuing dire reuenge vpon that strumpet?
Had shee bene steeped in the surging billowes,
I had not gyrt my temples with these willowes.

Whole worldes of warriors will besiege your citie,
King Menelaus will not loose his Iuell,
Then fayre-fac'd Phrygian if thou harborest pitie,
Returne her backe, (the Greekes are fierce and cruell)
Returne her backe, thy right thou mayst enioy,
With neither wracke, nor fatall end to Troy.

Else



Oenone and Paris.

Else wilt thou prooue that burning fire-brand.
Whereof the fayre Callandra prophesied,
With her all Phrigia did thy rape withstand.
But mothers dreame right ~~ly~~ hast thou verified.
If these things fall out as they may perhappes,
Loue me, and so preuent all after-clappes.

Th' vnbridled rage of your too blinde affection,
Will cause ten hundred thousand mourning widowes,
Then cleaue sweete Paris to thy first election,
Kisse, and imbrace me in those verdaunt meddowes.
If these (as earst they did) can not content thee,
Yet vouch thou safe at leasure to frequent me.

Since first thou tolde me of thy fatall vision,
Of Iuno, Pallas, and fayre Citherea,
Of my inferiours haue I borne derision,
Of blacke-browde Phillis, and browne Galatæa,
These countrey girles do frolicke with their lovers,
But as for me, my face, my late discouers.

On yonder banke of Croceate Lillyflowres,
Where last I see thee with thy hooke in hand,
I deem'd the witnesssing of higher powers,
In greater stead (then now I see) would stand.
Euen there (yea, there) misdoubting what befell,
My speecchlesse tongue could hardly bidde farewell.

B

Then

Ocnone and Paris.

Then did thy eies with pearled teares reucale,
The shallow loue which thou didst alwayes beare me,
Thy flattering tongue thy falshood did conceale.
Behold my visage? blushing can not cleare thee.
Then didst thou promise to returne againe,
Ere Cinthia thrise had fild her emptie waine.

Lo thrise the Sunne hath compast all the signes,
Thrise haue these groues beene mantled as you see them,
And blustering Boreas with his chill colde windes,
Hath thrise disrobd them, sithen you did flee them.
Dailie sithe thy dissembling speech did faile mee,
By these still streaming fountaines I bewaile me.

Ere Phebus yokes his fierie foming steedes,
Ascending vp into his Iuorie chaire,
Eche morne, I seate me by yon stinking weedes,
Faie smelling flowers agree not with my care.
My care, which none but thou did first procure,
V Which none (saue poore Ocnone) could endure.

Now ease my heart with that sweete tongue of thine,
And wring my lillie fingers in thy fists,
That hand (faire hand) more soft and smooth then mine,
And yet my limber armes haue azured wristles.
Once did Apollo more delight to haue me,
Then did the Nymphes of Ida euer craue thee.

Oenone and Paris.

Let that well sounding organ of thy thought,
Adde heauenlie harmonie vnto my hearing,
May it but seeme remorsefull, as it ought,
VVell will I keepe my gold-like lockes from tearing,
And chaunge my chaplett into lawrell baies,
VVhich hath bene worne, & withered many daies.

But now sad sorrow hath her language choked.
His lowring looke foretolde he was remorselesse,
Her great impatience hath this storme prouoked.
(How should she otherwise?) her teares were forcelesse,
In this dull extasie, a while I leane her,
And turne to him that did of Ioye bereaue her.

Not meanelie moued at her first approche,
In flowting tearmes he thought to reprehend her,
Disdaining anie Nymph should now inroche,
Or to his highnesse anie fates surrender.
But when hee knewe she was his quondam wife,
The white and redde were in his face at strife.

Nowe doeth his hearts interpreter beginne
To pleade excuse, (for loue can finde excuses.)
The blushing morne bewrayes her nightly sinne,
His crimson colour tells his late abuses.

But setting shame and blushing both aside,
Thus he begins to parlie with his bride.

Oenone and Paris.

Oenone fayrer then the dames of Troy,
Staine to the Nimphes of fountaines, flowres, and trees,
— A blot to those that woone in Castalye,
— Fayre Cinthiaes ouermatch, in bewty, (more then these)
When Arte to nature had thy face resigned,
— The Rose, and Lilly, thee in the same combined.

Grace to these hilles, and dales, & louely brookes,
Disgrace to walled cities, traffique townes,
Faine to the swift foote huntresses in these nookes,
Shame to the girles, yclad in gorgeous gownes,
Flower of the forest, primrose of the parke,
— Lilly of these lawnes, Apolloes chiefest marke.

Soothly it grieues mee at thy wofull teares,
— VVhich would they were in mee to remedie,
Thy ruthfull words still sounding in my eares,
Argue thy loue, thy losse, thy great extremitie.
Which then they would, but now they wil not moue
For then I could, but now I can not loue thee. (me

Thy iust complaint might vrge a iust remorse,
Had not the winged Lad bewitcht my senses,
My former loue was of sufficient force.

But second to loues-selfe a sute commences.

The second sute must beare away the pryse,
Second excludes the first, and so it dyes.

Twas

Oenone and Paris.

T'was loue that made me lurfet with thy beauty
And loues fayre Queene was authour of our pleasure.
The blinded waiward wag did make vs know our duty,
And I haue loued thee in a modest measure.
Hymen the god, and authour of our marrying,
All these, not I, were cause of thy miscarrying.

So haue the fates amorgest them selues decreed,
V What fates appoint, it bootes not vs to breake it.
The Senate of the gods of this agreed,
Why seek'st thou then with bitter woes to wreake it?
Persist tayre Nymph attentiuely to heare me,
And thou shalt see how well as I can cleare me,

V Within this valley, as thy selfe doest knowe,
A place there is begirt with mighty oakes,
Where elders, elmes, and espine trees doe growe. *standing*
Whose ore-grown trunks withstood the hardest strokes.
A nooke, where neither simple ewe doeth feede,
Nor horned ramme plucks vp the springing weede, |

Euen in the hollow compasse of this angle,
Vnseene of Titans narrowe searching shine,
Least wanton follie should my minde intangle.
That place I chused out to chaunt a ryme.
But rymes, nor odes, that place it was not for them,
Sad Morpheus charmes did cause me to abhorre them.

Oenone and Paris.

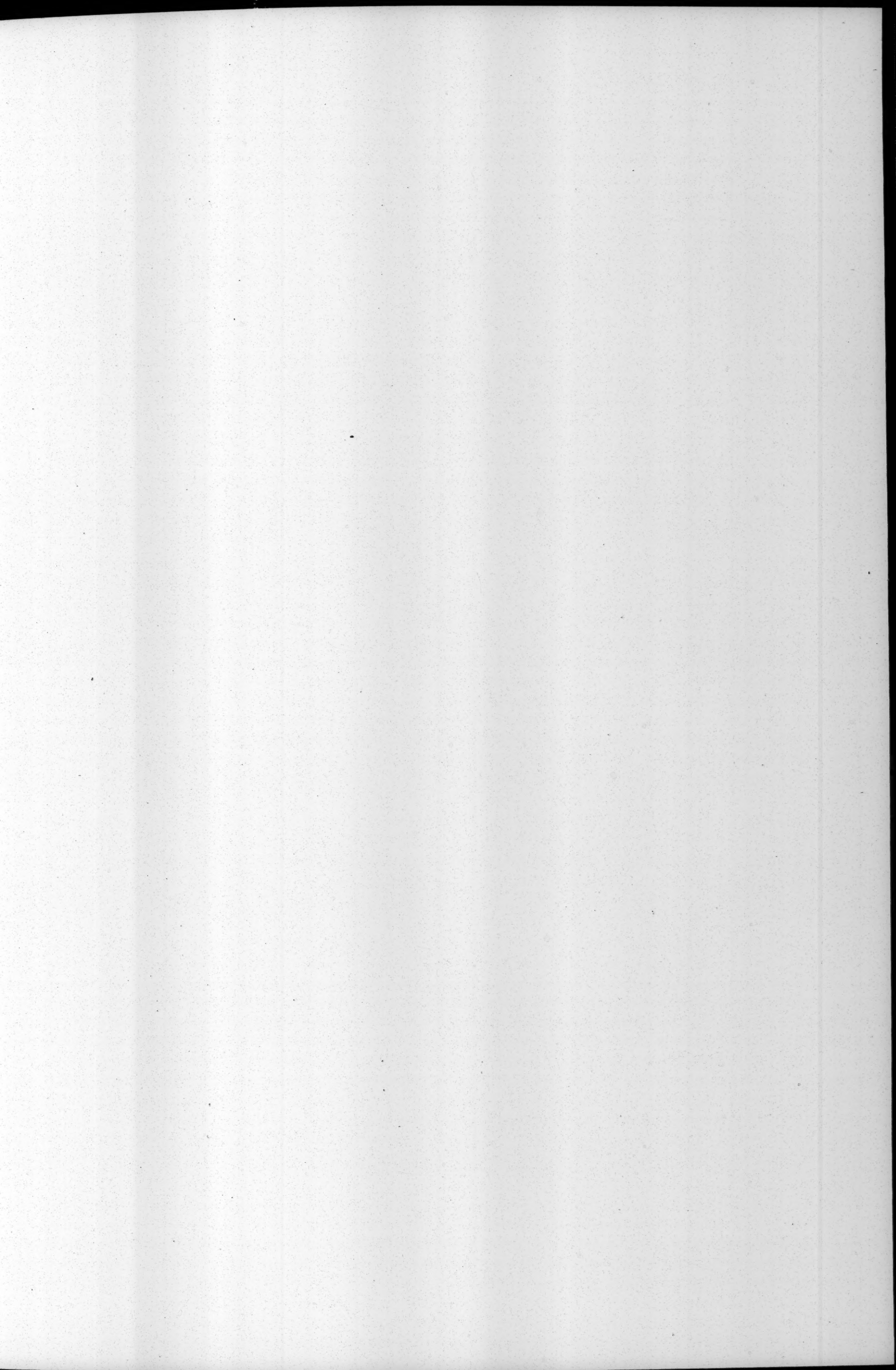
Drowſilie leaning on my ſhepherd's crooke,
A ſudden earthquake made the mountaines quier,
My feare appeared in my ghastlie looke,
Head, heart, legges, limmes, my Iointures all did ſhuer;
Deepelie admiring at this ſudden motion,
I gaue my ſelfe preciſely to deuotion.

When loe, the meſſenger of mightie Ioue,
Did with his ſnake wand appeare before me,
With Iuno, Pallas, and the Queene of loue,
Who with their geſtures gentlie did adore me.
Starting abacke, their preſence did affright me.
Not knowing that which ſithens did delight me.

And now th'immortall oratour began
To chere me vp that had ſo ſadlie drooped.
Thou borne of Hecuba, take courage man.
With that, to helpe me vp, he meeklie ſtooped.
I feared no more, (for who is afraid of faireneſſe)
Or wanton ladies appearing in their bareneſſe.

This golden ball that Ioue threwedowne (quoth he)
From the tribunall of his ſtately throne,
Giue to the fayreſt goddeſſe of theſe three.
Which ſaid, he vaniſhed leauing vs alone.
Vell hoping this would happen to my glorie,
I read the poſſie, Uetur pulchriori.

Viewing



Oenone and Paris.

Viewing the first, I tooke the heavenly ball,
And rashly, almost laide it in her hand,
Supposing her the fayrest of them all,
But second fight the same did countermaund.
And as the second should haue borne the prise,
Looking askance, the third bad otherwise.

Fayre was the first, the second was as fayre,
The third no whit inferiour to the twaine,
All would be victors, (and they worthie are)
But one alone the victorie must gaine.
That such should winne, I ioyed much beleeue me.
That such shuld lose, this was the thing did grieue me.

Againe, the first exactly I did view,
The second too: one of these twaine must haue it.
Looking a-squint, as I doe nowe at you,
The third, her beawtie from them both did craue it.
In this quandarie, musing made me mute,
Till Iuno first began to breake her sute.

She promised kingdomes, riches, and renowne:
Pallas, what euer arte and nature taught her.
The Mother, a Monarchie, to weare a Crowne,
Vertue, witte, wisdom. freely giues the daughter.
I heard them both, and nowe I sit and muse,
Whether it is better wisdom, or wealth to chuse.
But

Oenone and Paris.

\ But then bespake the beawteous Queene of loue,
Gracing her fayre cheekes with a louely smile.
Shepherd (quoth she) hearken to thy behooue,
Let neither giftes, nor gold, thy minde beguile,
Arte asketh study, Crownes a care to keepe them,
Both full of toyle, and trauell, if thou seeke them.

— My selfe will giue thee what thou most desirest,
The fayrest Ladie all the whole earth a ffoordeth.
Giue me the ball, who euer thou requirest, (deth.
Chuse whom & where thou wilt, loues Queene accor-
This said, with prize and victorie she departed,
Merry, and blithe, the rest but sory-hearted.

Pardon (fayre Nymph) if ought I haue offended,
I do, what all the gods conspire together.
Not I, but Cupid, is to be condemned.
— Rousing, that shoots his darts, he knoweth not whether.
Who happely greeued at my first election,
Wounded my heart with contrary affection.

(Sweete) stint thy teares, that like a pearled shoure
Drops from the heauens, in a summers day,
Yeeilding sweete moisture vnto euery flower,
Euen such were thine, at my depart away.
Thy wofull words, with sighs, abruptly broken,
Thy love and loyaltie did well betoken,

Likewise

Oenone and Paris.

Likewise my sighes like exhalations,
Burst from th' interiour cauernes of my hart,
My ruthfull tongue made bitter exclamations,
Sounding throughout these groues in euery part.
 Looke as the lowring clowdes deface the skies,
 So was my face obscured with mine eyes.

As for the promise past, which I did make thee,
Resting vs by this siluer-streaming fount,
When last to Ioues safe guide I did betake thee,
Pacing along this pleasant shadie mount,
 To take my speedy iourney into Troy,
 When entercourse of griefe bereft our ioy.

Farre swifter then the winged Pegasus,
Shearing the ayre with braue Bellerophon,
Our pine-tree barke brought vs to Tenedos,
Coasting from thence to stately Ilion.
 There knew I, what I had not knowne beforene,
 Which made me promise such a short returne.

The noble offspring whence I am descended,
Sonne to King Priamus, and Queene Hecuba,
Brother to Hector, for his woorth commended,
Throughout the regions of Asia.
 My grandfire was the great Laomedon,
 That built the clowd-hye towres of Ilion.

Oenone and Paris.

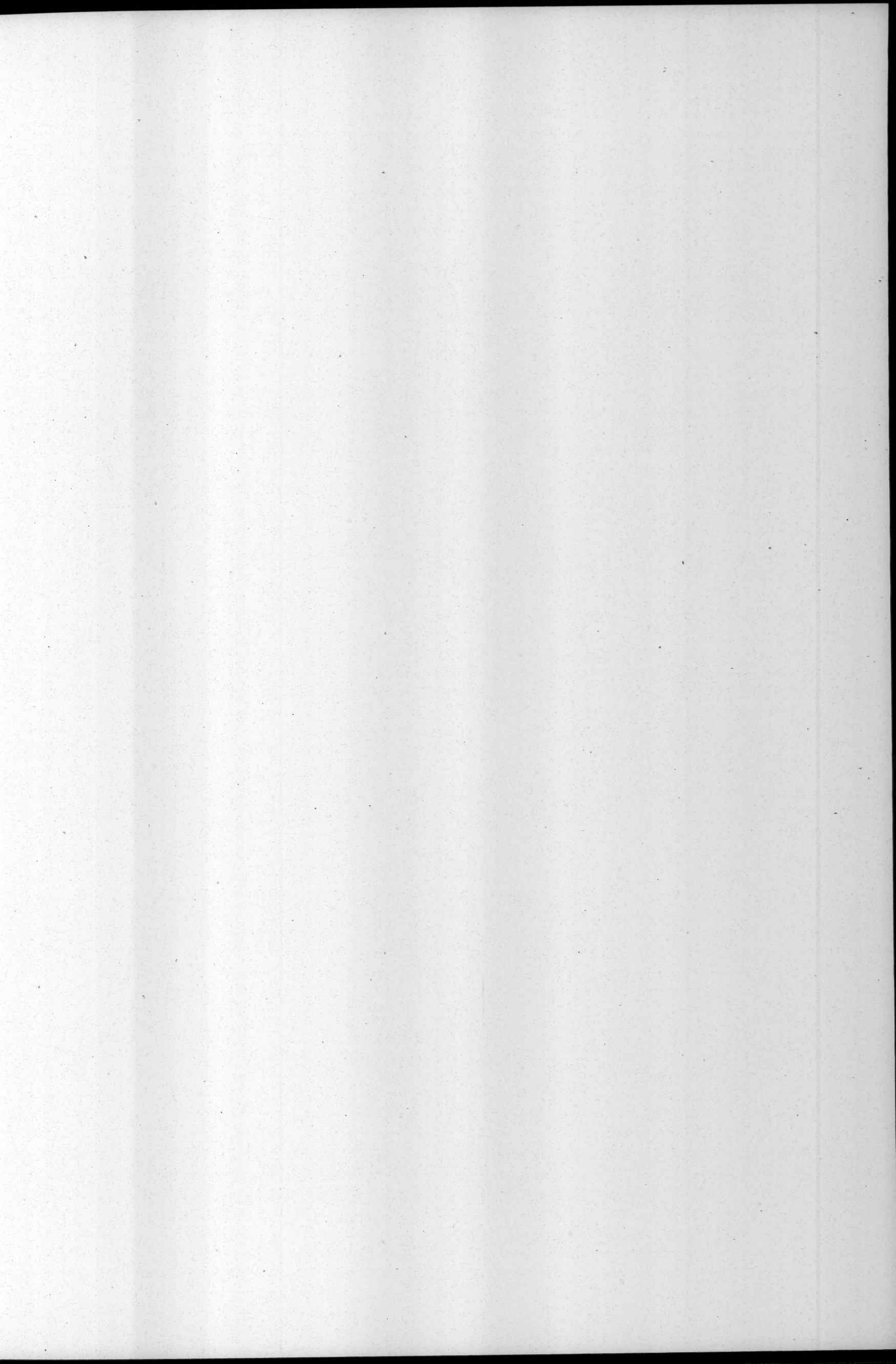
I knew not this, when like a lowly swayne,
I kept my goates within these neighbour bounds,
Treading the measures in this grassy plaine,
Viewing the Fayries hoppe their merrie rounde.
I knewe not this when first of all I knewe thee,
Which had I knowne, I had disdain'd to view thee.

Oh at that worde, a sudden trembling,
And vncothe feare possessed euery member,
Replye she would once more without dissembling,
But sighes and sorrowes did her language hinder.
As doe the windy stormes driue haile and rayne,
So sighs driue teares from forth her troubled brayne.

Like to a gosling in a puttockes clawes,
Or silly doue, on whome the hauke hath seized,
Or to a young lambe in a Lyons pawes,
Whose wrathfull furor can not be appeazed,
Euen so lyes poore Oenone on the playne,
That liuing, dyed: yet dead, reuiu'th againe.

And now at length this fit shee doeth recouer,
And riseth vp as wakened from a slumber,
Cleare shines the sunne when all the storme is ouer.
— Salt teares, (as earst) doe not her minde accumber.
Yet sighes, (a preface to ensuing talke.)
She thus goeth on him in his speech to balke.

This



Oenone and Paris.

This stately pine, wherein thou hast ingrauen
My name and thine, Lo where it springeth by thee;
These broad-spread beeches, (harbor for the Rauē)
Where vnder thou hast vowed neuer to deny me.
Beare in their barkes thy solemne protestations,
Which (nowe I finde) were meere dissimulations

And loe, one poplar planted in this Arber,
In whose rough rhyme these verses thou hast carued.
When Paris thoughtes a second loue doe harbor,
Sythe fayre Oenone hath so well deserued.
Neuer shall mylchie goate in Ida go,
Nor siluer swanne swimme in the streames of Po.

Xanthus swift waues shall runne against the head,
And clyme the toppes of hye ascending mountaines,
Runne backwarde Xanthus? I am ill bestead,
Sweete Naiades haunt yee no more these fountaines.
And snow-white swannes come helpe me with your
That I with you may sing against my death. (breath,

Flint-hearted Phrygian, thou hast broke thy vowe,
Blush, and beholde a Nymph for loue that rages,
And thou fayre Poplare still increase and growe,
To be an historie to after-ages,
Witnesse this holly-oke, whereon thou leanest,
Thou hast dissembled, (tell me what thou meanest?)

Oenone and Paris.

Ah (Paris) when like to a simple groome,
Among the gote-heardes thou these groues frequented,
Seeing the skipping Satyres in the broome,
With bagpipes shrill, and eken quills contented,
— Then didst thou yeeld Oenone pricke and prayes,
Which now is buried in eternall dayes.

Oft hast thou scene me in the meades below,
Liuely to leade the Nymphes about the trees,
And on these bankes, where Aelacus doth flow,
Dauncing to teach Dianaes Votaryes.
When Faunus, father of the rurall gods,
Swore that I did surpasse them all by odds.

Oft hast thou scene me, with thy selfe vnscene
Of any Nymph, saue of my selfe alone,
Whole after-noones to parlye in this greene,
But all these pleasures and delights are gone.
Oft haue thy lippes ioyned with these lippes of mine,
Sending out sugred sighes to Paphos shrine.

Oft hast thou found me by this pleasant Myrtle,
(Greene myrtle) dedicate to loues fayre Queene,
Whose leaue branches stead me for a kirtle,
Whose spreading toppe hath oft our shadow beene,
When thou sat chaunting out thy loue-sick charmes,
Holding me deftly in thy limber armes,

You



Oenone and Paris.

You plants of Phebus, hummy-smelling bayes,
Witnesse with me of thy deceite and flatterie,
Whose compasse kept vs from the sunnes hotte rayes,
When my poore heart by thee sustein'd a batterie.
Ah leaue the court, full fraught with fortunes showres,
And liue in loue among these leaue bowres,

The Dawlian byrd with thousand notes at least,
Referus them till the grisping of the euen,
A prickle is prepared for her breast,
To celebrate this night, an happie steuen.
The whistling blackebirds, and the pleasant thrushes,
With mirthfull Mavis flocke about the bushes,

The Satyres, and goat-footed Aegipines,
Will with their rurall musicke come and meete thee,
With boxen pypes, and countrey Tamburines,
Faunus and olde Syluanus, they will greeete thee.
Then leaue not them, which seem thus to admire thee,
And leaue not her, that doeth so fore desire thee,

The faire Napœe, beawtie of these bankes,
As once they daunced at thy wedding day,
So will they now, and yeelde thee thousand thankes,
Footing it finely to intreat thy stay.

The fountaine Nymphes, that haunt these pleasant
One sort will trip it, while another sings. (springs,

Oenone and Paris.

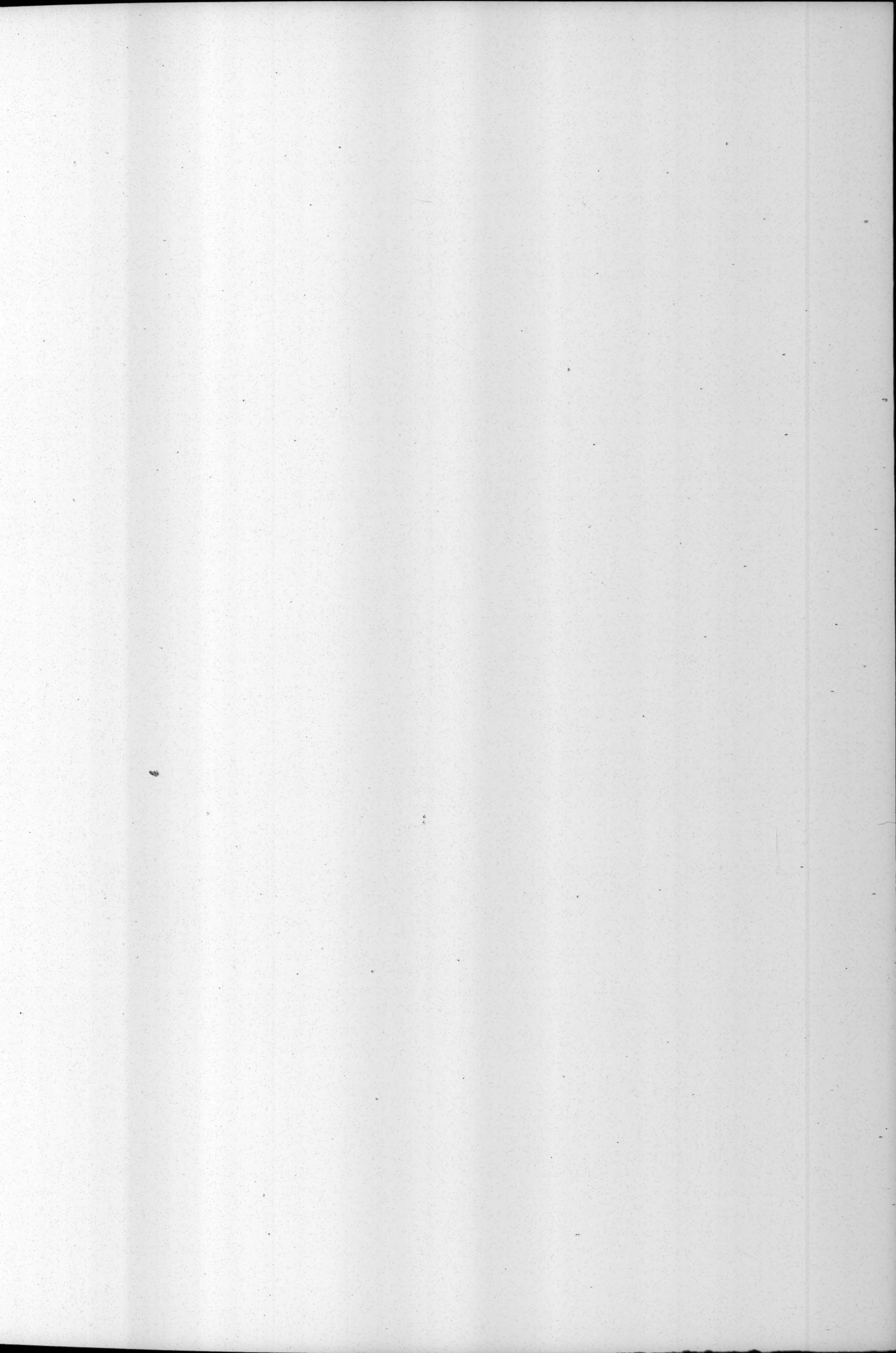
The nimble Fayries taking hand in hand,
Will skippe lyke rather lambkins in the downes,
The tender grasse vn'bended still shall stand,
+ Coole Zephyrus still flaring vp their gownes.
And euery shepheardes swayne will tune his ode,
And more then these, to welcome thy abode.

Woonder of Troy, Natures exactest cunning,
- Glorie of shepheardes, Idaes chiefe Decorum,
- Directorie of my chusing and my shunning,
More then a man, saue in that foex Amorum.
That trothlesse Tindaris thy faith defaceth,
That lust, thy loue, that fault thy fame disgraceth,

Then sojourne here, where louely Cupid raigneth,
Within the precinct of this countrey soyle,
- Whose fruitfull fallowes, Mauors neuer staineth,
With bloodie massacres in any broyle.
Here Cinthia liues, that loues the painefull farmour,
Not braue Bellona, glistring in her armour.

- Fayre, wage no warre, nor giue no warriours wages,
- If thou catch blowes, I shall nor breathe, nor blowe,
My life is pawned, if thou lackest gages,
My heart is scortched, if thy anger glowe.
For euery curtlay glauncing on thy creast,
Craseth the tender heart within my breast.

The



Oenone and Paris.

The lust of Læda summons thee to fight,
I, and be sure, the Greekes will be reuenged,
I, with no warres, (but Hellen haplesse wight,
Causeth their rankes and battailes to be renged,
I feare thy stroakes from fierce Achilles glaue,
Will bring thy poore Oenone to her graue,

To bruise thy corslet, bursteth me with care,
To pierce thy steele, doeth penetrate my soule,
Wounded by foes: Oenone worse will fare,
For of my teares, thou canst not take the towle.
But if thou needes wilt warre, then warre with me.
A meeker battaile, trust me can not be.

I am thy foe, doe what thou canst to force me,
Tilt fayre, (but fayrely) least thy stroakes rebound,
Sit fast, and close, or else I will vnhorse thee,
Yet fall the first, to saue thee from the ground.
If I be foundred, 'tis but a meere chaunce,
I force not to be foyled with thy launce.

Thy armes, for armour: sure, for sywords may stead thee:
My selte vnarmed, lighter will I strippe,
Thou hast the oddes, and yet I dare to lead thee,
Ayme where thou wilt, first stroke shall be at lippe.
The next encounter can doe little harme,
Well can I winde mee in thy twining arme.

And

Oenone and Paris.

And if I lye the vndermost of all,
It's not the vantage that can make me feare,
Thou canst not hurt mee with a backewarde fall.
Poore women-kinde are bredde, and borne to beare.
If to this warre thou canst thy liking frame,
Be what thou wilt, and I will be the same.

Be Phaoes Boateman, I will be thy barke,
Bathe in this fountaine here a while to sport thee,
Thy milke-white skinne, the pebbles shall not marke,
Twixt them and thee Ile lye me, least they hurt thee.
— Oh be my sternesman, I will be thy barge,
It's not thy weight that can me ouercharge.

Be thou Pigmalion, I his yuorie worke,
Though woman-like, a colde and sencelesse stone,
Suffer me in thy naked bedde to lurke,
— Clippe, kisse, colle, loue me like Pigmalion.
Thou need'st not pray (as he did) for my life,
Of such a picture I can make thy wife.

At this, the Troian ganne to chafe a laughter,
He would, and yet no longer could forbear it,
And seemed ioyfull, Cupid had so caught her,
Like wanton gyrles beloued, and loue to heare it.
This fell vnkindnesse did so fowlie fret her, (her.
That speake she would, but weeping would not let
Toyes,

Oenone and Paris.

Toyes stoppe his tongue: but teares her talking hinders:
Mirth maketh him: but mourning makes her mute:
Loues burning coales are turned into cynders,
Which cold conceite she lysteth not to bruit,
Yet like to Tytan peeping through a clowde,
She breakes her mind, that earst her woe did shrowd.

Thinke not the sonne of great Laomedon,
Or braue Cyseus broode may be ashamed
To tearme me daughter: (though nowe woe begon)
My curious beawty is not to be blamed.
My hand a scepter well may seeme to holde,
My temples may support a crowne of golde.

My hayres disheueled Arachnes twynes,
Are likest to Apolloes golden wyers,
My cheekes engraue^{lined} with vermillion lynes,
My quaint conceites haue kindled quenchlesse fyers.
My chrystall lampes whilome thy whole delight,
Shine like two bright carbuncles in the night.

As when bright Tytan in his purple hew,
Leades foorth his lemman to his daily race,
And with a louely kisse takes his adew,
Such are the splendant colours of my face,
To which fayre Cinthia in loues despight,
Hath entermixt some of her siluer white.

D

Like

Oenone and Paris.

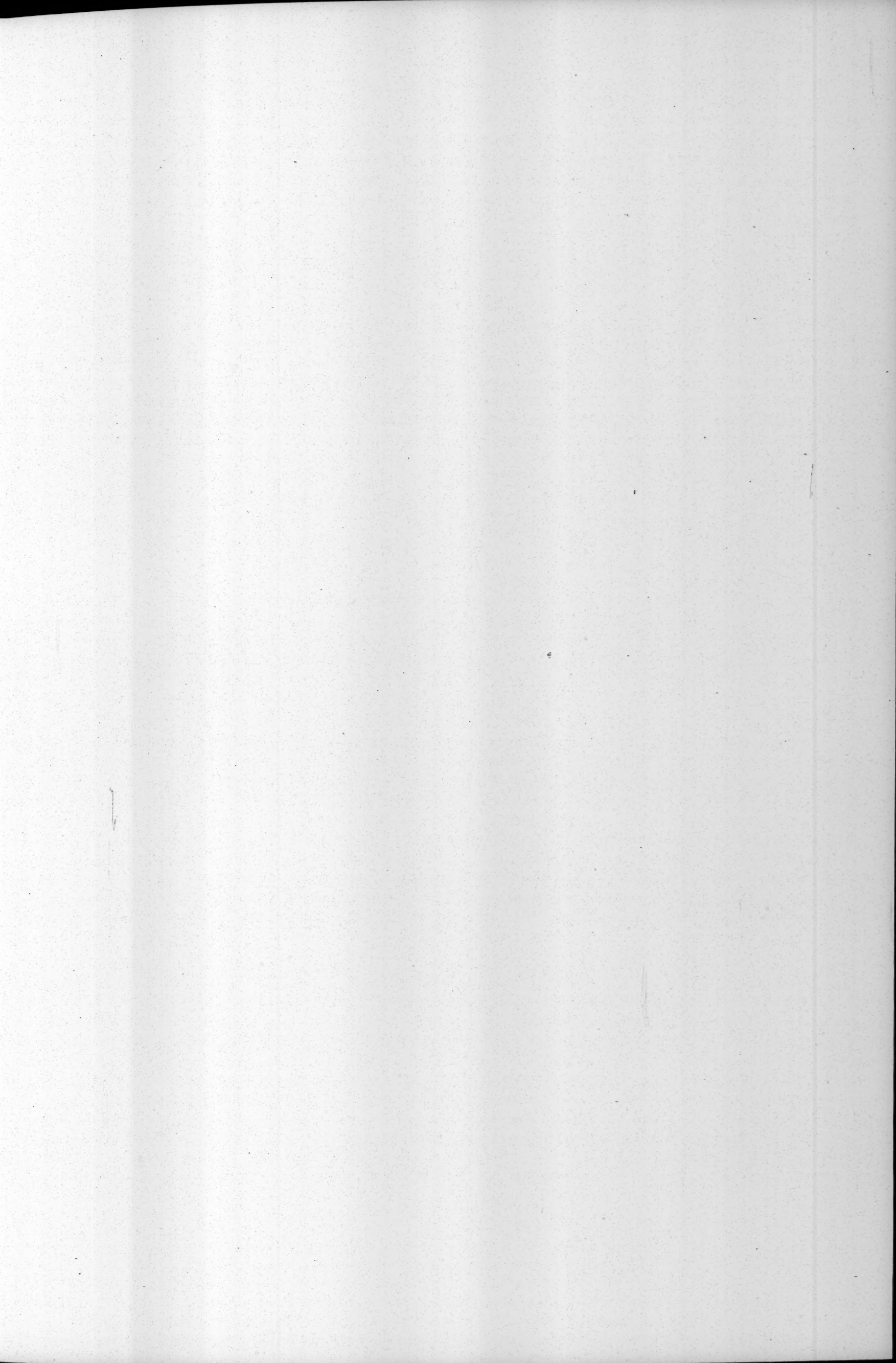
Like Amphetrice floating on the waues,
Strippes vp her sleeues, to bare her naked wrists:
And drowning it within the streame, she raues,
For Corall branches, to adorne her fists,
Her Iuorie hande, inferiour vnto mine,
My Corall-colloured lippes like Rubies shine.

My breath, like Zephirus delightfull steame,
That softly murmureth among the trees,
To rocke the Loue-God in a wanton dreame:
His curled pate laide on his Psiches knees,
My selfe as faire as Cupid or his Loue
Vnworthie: Paris should me thus reprove.

My voice, like Venus when she smiling came,
Drawne in her chariot, by her Siluer Dooues:
To call the God of Battaile by his name,
When Vulcans wierie Nette, bewraied their looues:
Disdainfull Paris, dost thou then abhorre mee?
What reason hast thou that I am not for thee?

Are Iybes the guerdon for my great good will?
Are scoffes and flowtes the loue I merited?
Hath hurtfull Helen schooled thee so ill?
That loue for lust must thus be disinherited:
For euer, maie her whoorish trickes be scand,
That breakes the knot of sacred Hymens band.

Ah,



Oenone and Paris.

Ah, little dost thou know Affections force,
Thou hadst not dealt thus falslie hadst thou knowne it;
We are my corryuall but a sencelesse Corse,
That bred seditious-seede, and heere hath sowne it:
Still had I liued vnloathed of my Louer,
That now forlorne, am forst my face to couer.

Dost thou disdain me, for thou art so fayre?
Why: collours fade, and Beautie it will perish:
Would thou reiect mee wert thou Priams Heire,
My fayre, thy face: my wealth, thy want might cherish,
Mine is for ay, thy beautie is but lent:
What greater wealth I pray thee, then Content?

Is not my byrth equiualent with thine,
I am a Nymph, tho a but a mortall creature:
Am I not tricked vp in veluets fine?
Nature, not Arte, hath portraiture my feature:
Vnto Eternitie thou maist mee summon:
Of thee lesse prised then a gadding woman.

Forethinke thee not that heere thou didst frequent mee,
Passing the Spring-tide of thy blooming Age:
Of mee (base Nymph) thou needst not to repent thee,
I am thy peere in Honors equipage:
But loouing Manhood, more then Phæbus Deitie,
Thus am I plagued for my great Impietie.

D, 2,

Weigh

Oenone and Paris.

Weigh with thy selfe howe dearely I haue loued thee,
Receiuing him that offers to reiect mee,
Had not thy tempting teares with pittie mooued me,
Nought else had force to make me to affect thee.

Which had I scand them in a right construction,
My coy disdaine had bred thy fowle destruction.

But finding thee, loe, I haue lost my selfe,
To keepe thee dry, my dotage hath me drowned,
Like him that busily to saue his pelfe,
Both looseth welth, and is him selfe confounded.

Seeking to saue thy life, by graunting loue,
I susteine sorrowe neuer to remooue.

When ihaggy Satyres in these mountaines sought me,
And Faunes showte till echoing hilles resoundes,
First, fearefull least some sudden furie caught me,
The rest, to heale their euercurelesse woundes.

I hidde me close, and neuer come among them,
Thou art the onely cause that thus I wrong them.

Thou and thy rape haue done me double wrong,
But were she here, (howe sore would I assault her?
For Acidalia suffers her too long,
Thoe I haue offered incense at her alter.

All were I wearyed with Paris guile,
Yet haue I sent sweete sighes to Cyprus Ile.

Oenone and Paris.

A thousand sithes I kept her ycerely heastes,
At Cithara, and Paphos louing temple,
Of long I haunted not Dianacs feastes,
But louer-like was too lish, sottish, simple,
 Witnesse thou Priapus with whose fayre flowers,
I deckt her altars and decayed bowers.

Neuer hereafter will I yeelde her honner,
Her shrined vestures euer bee defaced,
Neuer hereafter will I looke vpon her,
Her painted picture will I see disgraced.
 Her selfe, her sonne, her favorites, and her friendes,
For this iniustice can not make amendes.

She gaue my loue, whome I haue loued so well,
To one that beares her vertue in her browes,
And for a ball, my sollace did she sell,
Ah breake her promise, credite, faith, and vowes?
 So shall the Queene of beawtie liue defamed,
Till of her toyish trickes shee be ashamed,

Yet once againe fayre Troian let mee heare thee?
Speake graciously, (thy colour grace portendeth)
If I haue wooded thee, shall another wear thee?
I one had woonne thee too: this onely rendeth,
 And teares my heart, halse melted into teares,
 The breach whereof within my face appeares.

Oenone and Paris.

When this was said, no more she had to say,
Yet thousand thoughts are in her minde concurring:
Shee feares his farewell, least he would not stay,
Which when she thinks, she stands, no member stirring:
But now, the Troians turne began to speake,
Who, sumwhat sadly, with her thus did breake.

Fayre Nymph, thy passions vnto mee are painfull,
My cares do glow to heere thy sad Discourses:
I am not surly, proude, fell and disdainfull:
Thou seest my tickling teares are turnd to sources:
Nor am I as I wonted, blithe and iollye,
Thy future fortunes summons mee to follye.

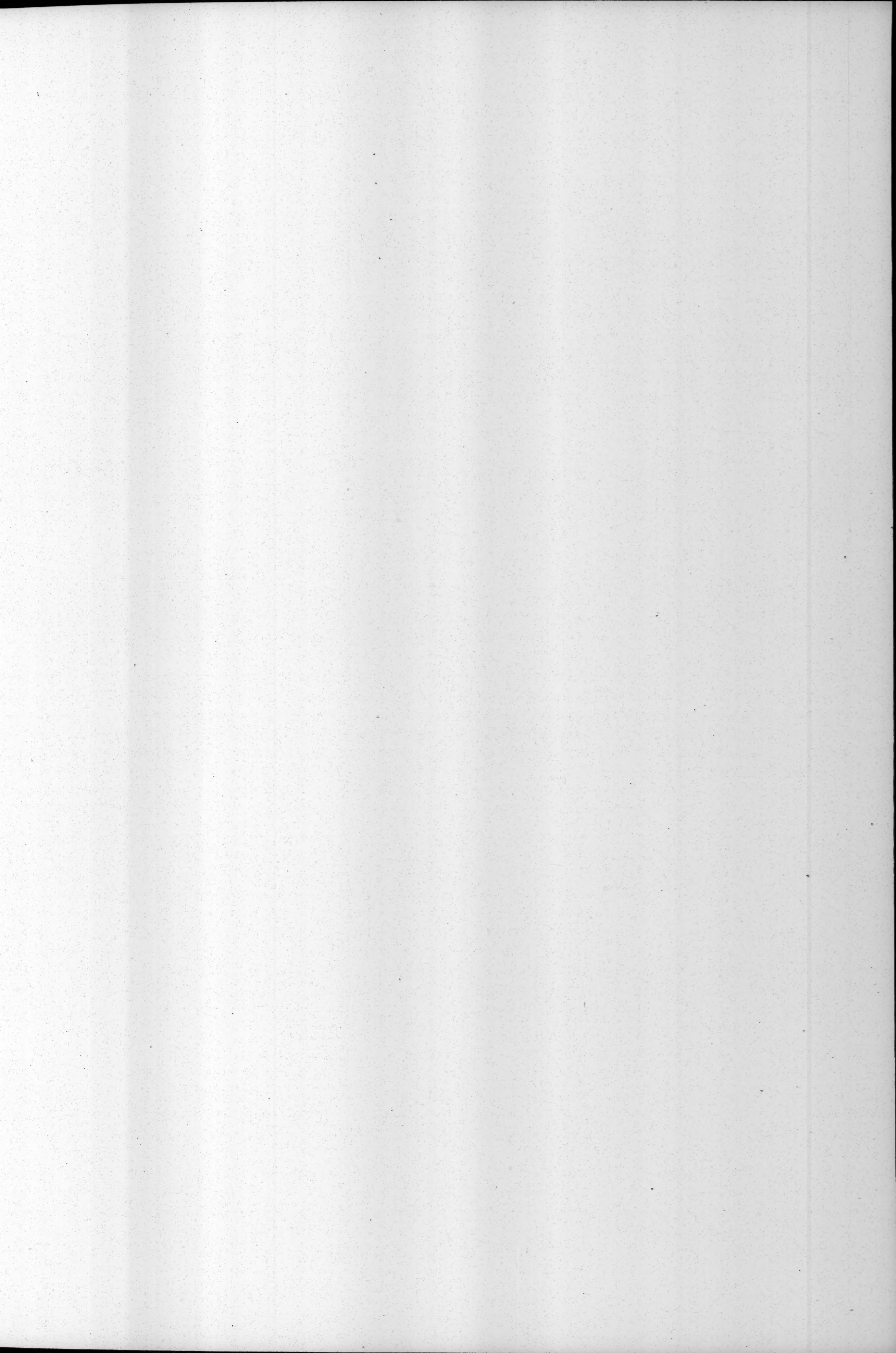
Cupid the cause that first of all I loued thee,
Is the occasion, that I needes must leaue thee:
The same besiege me hart, and hath remooued mee,
The selfe same heart, that whilome did receaue thee.
Not hard and stonie, or (as thou termst it) flinted,
But wax-like easie, to be soone imprinted,

The Potters claye receaueth any fashion,
The melting Snow, takes any deepe Impression,
A tender heart is pearced with a passion,
A grieuous crime is pardoned by confession:
My heart in Cupids handes, to feare and stay,
More soft then wax, then Snow, then Potters clay.

and W

Q

If hee



Oenone and Paris.

If he drawe backe, his force, his might, his strength,
Which bindes mee bond'slaue, to a second Ladie,
Gaining free-will and libertie at length,
Soone shalt thou see, I will doo all that maie bee:
For with his fierie darre, so sore he stingeth,
That from one Spunge, both fire and water wringeth.

Th' attractive Adamant, can drawe no Iron,
If the pure Diamond, be placed neere it:
The loue that doth my heart and thought inuiron,
Admits thy Plea and lute, and faine would heare it.
But that faire Diamond, to whome I am affected,
Withstands thy sute, and makes thee bee reiected.

The purenes of her white and red Completion,
As leat the strawe, perforce doth drawe my fences:
She is the Loade-starre, of my whole direction,
Thus loue with lust, vnequallie dispenses:
A Louers thought, it euermore aspireth;
For more he surgetteth, he more desireth.

She is no Bawde, no base and filthie woman,
But one, whome heauen and earth, haue both admired:
She is not whoorish, toyish, foolish, common,
But whom heauens king, & loues queene haue conspired
To grace mee with: yea, and so much the father,
For Venus is her Planet, loue her father.

But

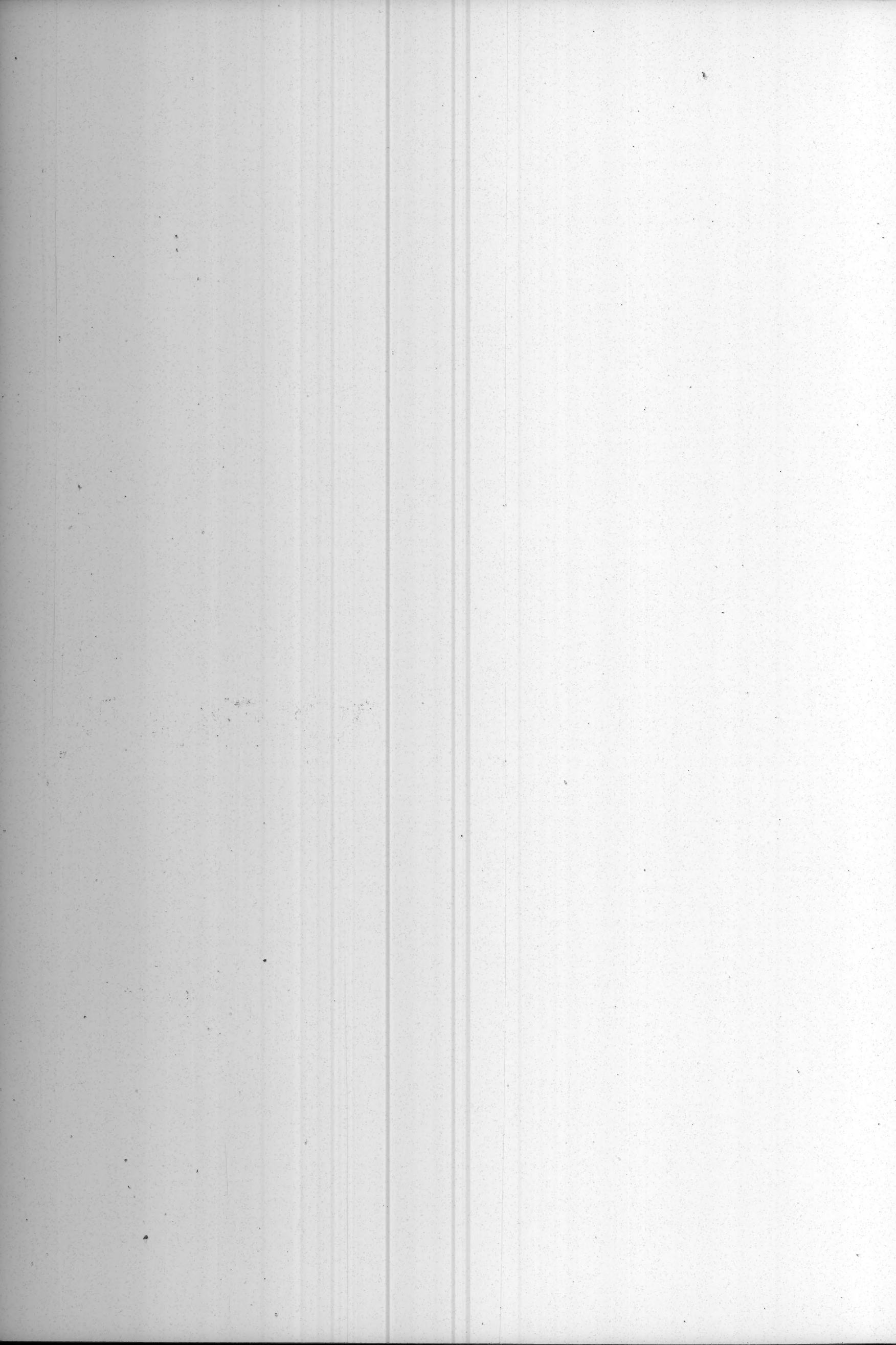
Oenone and Paris.

But leauing her, returne wee to our selues,
Whose heart-sicke woundes are hardly to bee healed,
Where Cupid mindes to enter, there he delues,
And digging deepe, the bargaine must be sealed.
But plowing slender furrowes in our hartes,
Easie resistance is against his dartes.

What made the gods to trewant it from heauen,
And shift them subtillic into sundrie shapes,
— But he that roues his shaftes at sixe and seuen,
Laughing at riot, revelling, and rapes.
His force made Ioue with Danaes to iest,
Beguiling faire Alcmena and the rest,
— His scapes with fayre Europa, shew loues might,
When like a milke-white bull, with siluer hornes,
His curled front, vp-heauen, fayre to sight, *d Tab. Ent.*
Venting, he browzeth on the budding thornes.
And beast like bellowing through the fruitful meads,
He followeth fast, whither his fayre hecfer leades.

Loue made him falsifie his nuptiall oath
To Iuno, loue is in no lawe contained.
Well might she make the King of heauen wroath,
— And yet his cranks will neuer be refrained.
So cunningly Calisto he beguil'd,
A mayde was thought to get a mayde with childe.

C



Oenone and Paris.

A many more might quickelie be recited,
For her, a snake: for this, a feathered swanne:
And he that alwayes foyled where he fought,
Hath bene euen captiuated as a man.

The wanton wagge he spareth not one nor other,
For he hath dared to dart them at his mother.

The Imperious boy made Hercules to stoope,
That tamed tyrants, and did master monsters,
And pent him vp within a slender coope,
Ah lordly loue, the minde of man misconsters,
He makes Alcides put apart his glaue,
And to his tentes to followe him like a slaue.

For his victorious clubbe, he holdes a rocke,
Bound by his mistresse to a daylie taske,
And for his Lions spoyle, a womans frocke,
Spinning as much as Iole would aske. (red all,
Who would haue deemed, that he which conque-
Should thus by loue come to so foule a fall.

The lawes of loue are full of pure diuinitie,
Beawtie it is attractiue, and deuine,
This caused Cinthia, that had vowde virginie,
Her horned compasse to the earth decline,
To giue long sleeping Latmian swayne a kisse,
His fayrenesse did deserue no lesse then this.

E

Thy

Oenone and Paris.

- Thy selfe no lesse ouer-heated with this flame:
Well I remember thou diddest often tell mee:
That Phebus hath requested euen the same,
Which I obtained. Phebus did excell mee.
It was Cupid carelesse of thy loue and life,
That stung thee deeply to be Paris wife.

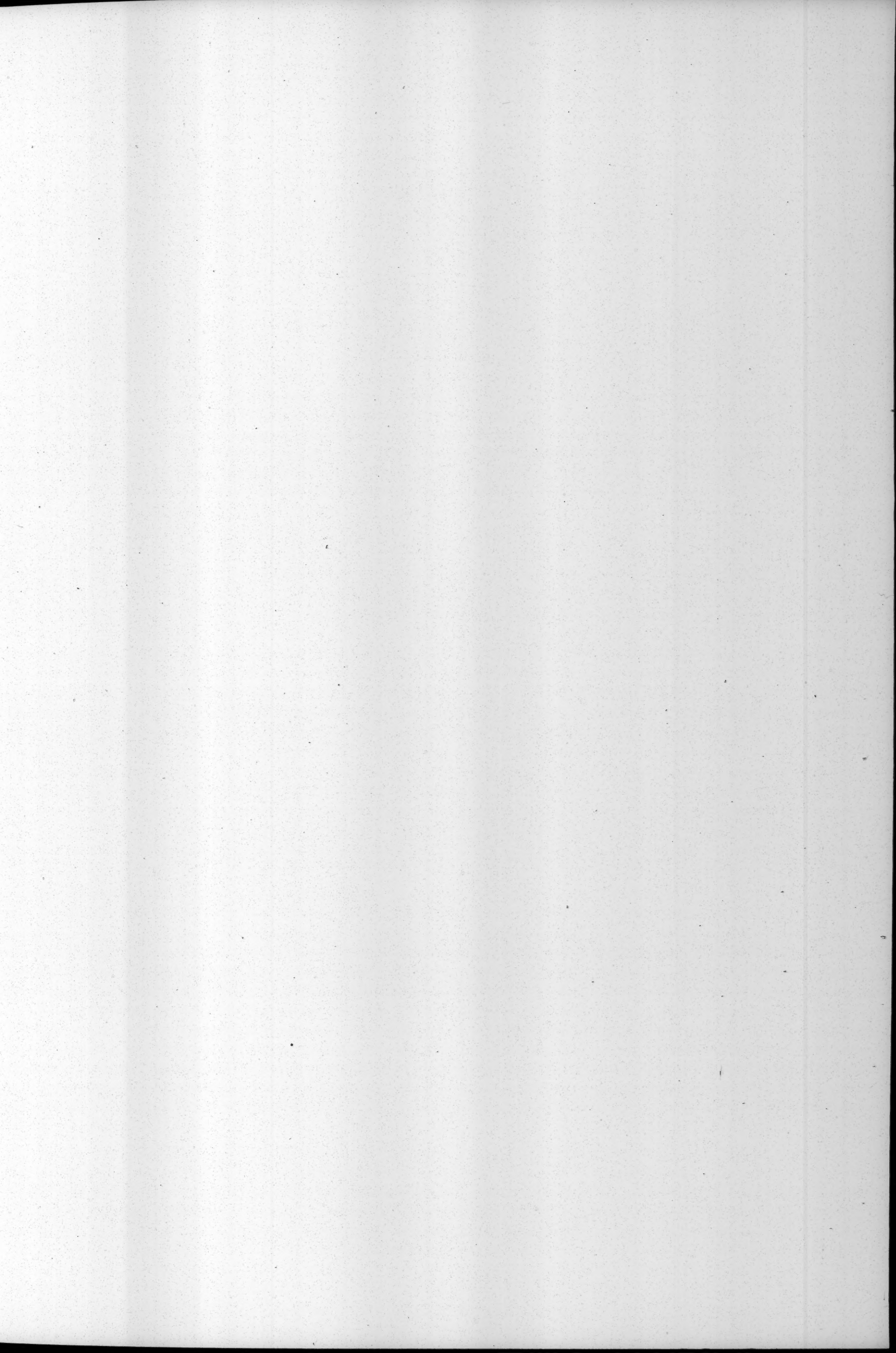
On him therefore, and on his foule abuses,
That rudely ruleth, let barely him bee blamed,
And make mee witlesse for my late excuses.
Let vnkinde Paris neuer more bee named.

- If on the ragged rockes a shippe be splitted,
The sternesman, not the Carake should be twitted.

Loe Sol vnbridleth his sweating steedes,
And watereth them within the Westerne deepe,
And Tytan tearing of his smoaking weedes,
His fierie charriot in the waues doeth steepe.
The nightingale beginnes to tune her layes.
Good night fayre nymph, now I must go my wayes.

Oh take mee too (quoth shee) goe not alone,
With this shee pluckt him by the skarfe, and stayde him,
And held him till her holde was almost gone.
When strength auayled not, with tongue she prayed him.
Hee breaketh holde, and from her armes hee skippes,
Yet first hee kist her on her rose-redde lippes.

With



Oenone and Paris.

With this sad extasie ſhee was accloyed,
For this kinde kille (I geſſe) did almoſt kill her.
Shee ſowndēd, either grieved, or over-joyed.
Accurſed kiſſe, that ſought ſo ſoone to ſpill her.
Thus lay ſhee, blood and breath of ſtrength bereft her,
Which when the Troian ſee, he ſtraightwaies left her.

And mounting brauely on his ſtiſſe neckt ſteede,
Galoppes with ſwitch and ſpurre, and tilting launce.
Horse echoing hooſe againe her woe did breede,
Whoſe hollowe ſound doeth wake her from her traunce.
Riſing as from a ſleepe to looke about her,
Thus ſhe laments, for that hee went without her.

Bending her eyes downe to the graſſe-greene plaine,
Her chalke-white fiſt vpon a flower ſhe ſeazes.
(Powring ſooth ſiluer droppes.) ſayth once againe,
Where is that hearbe that cureth all diſeaſes.
Ah thoſe his amorous cheekes with pretty dimples,
Hath wrought a wound not to bee cur'd by ſimples.

If hearbes could cure the heart that Cupid woundeth,
There is no ſlippe, no bud, no flowre that ſpringeth.
But I can ſhewe his force, whereon he groundeth,
His name, and nature: Cupid when he ſtingeth,
And ſhootes his ſhaftes to rankle in my heart,
There is no helpe by Aeſculapius arte.

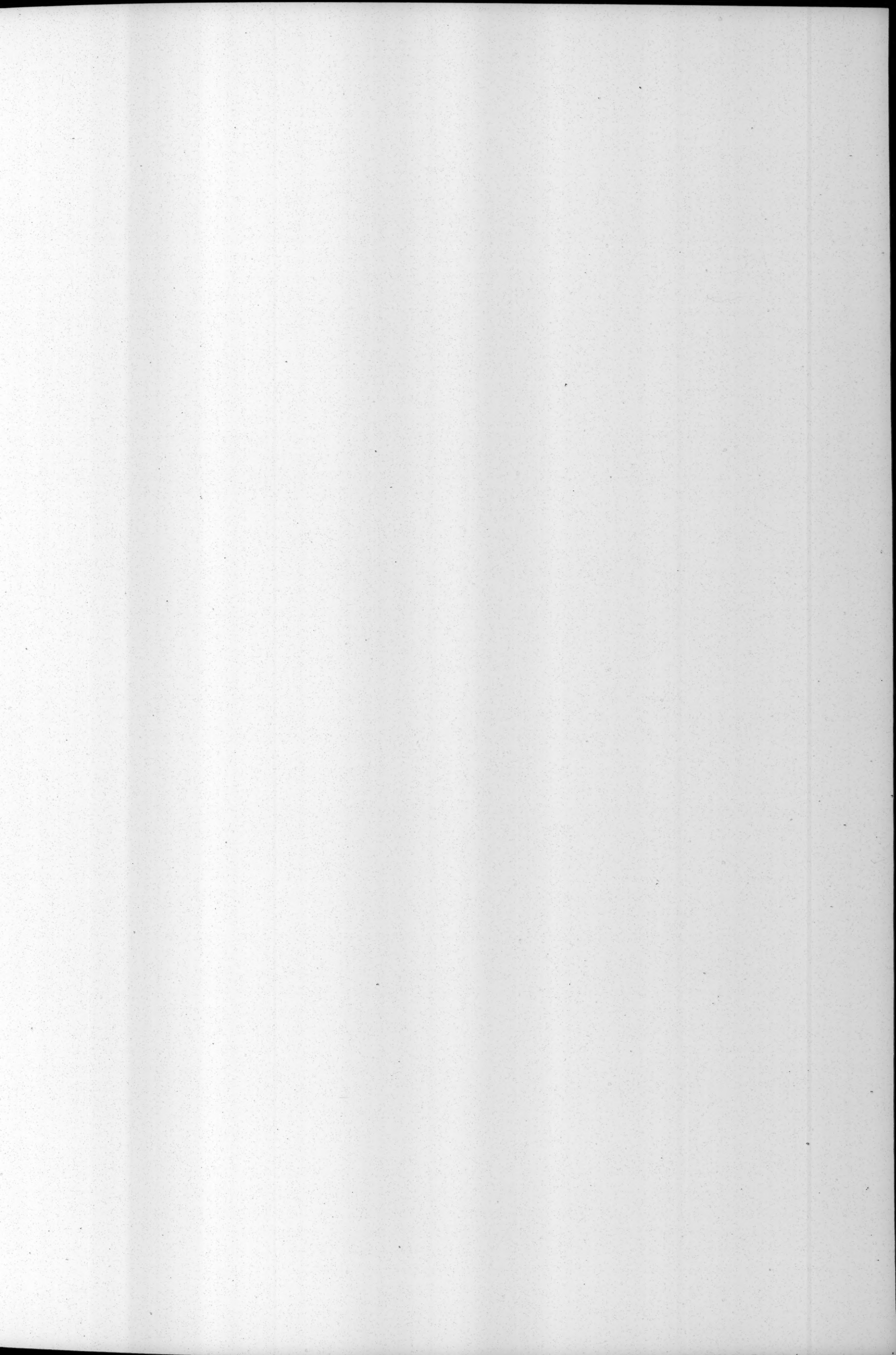
Oenone and Paris.

Then did she cast flowre from her in a rage,
And passed further to a pearled brooke,
Her language stopt, as byrd pent vp in cage,
Yet gaining freedome, bondage hath forlooke.
Thus with an inward horror cleane amazed,
Shee speakes these words as on the streame she gazed.

Oh well of woe that canst not wash with water,
Nor drowne the trilling teares of my bemonings.
Oh bewteous brooke, where oft Diana sate her,
Beare record of ray grieffe, and ghastly gronings.
Carrie my cares, my cause, my bitter anguish,
Vnto the strond, where sinnefull soules doe languish.

Thou marsh-god Pales (soueraigne of these fennes)
Depart with proude Apollo from these meades.
You Haggies & Goblins leaue your darkesome denies,
And vnfrequented pathes where no man treads.
Leaue your sad caues, & haunt these hateful grounds,
And hand in hand hoppe out your diuelish roundes.

When Paris went, the gods went from these fieldes,
When hee tooke leaue, the aged Pan departed.
No grapes the vine, no sappe the soyle nowe yeeldes.
(Oh who would thinke that fayre could be false hearted)
You gods that guide the earth, and euery creature,
Returne the soyle his sappe, the fieldes their feature.
Yce



Oenone and Paris.

Yee ragged cliffes of neuer touched rockes,
Helpe to recount my sorrowes and my crosses,
You huntresses tricked vp in tucked frockes,
Helpe to lament yours, theirs, mine, all our losses.
Howle, & lament, you cliffes, rocks, clowdy mountains,
Clear-chrystal streams, wels, brooks, & louely fountains

Nowe leauing these, (for these would take no pittie)
Shee runnes like hynde, or Roe-bucke to the herdes,
And like a turtle chaunting out a dittie,
Beginnes with those that shake their hayrie bearded.
Yee goats (quoth she that kneppe these flowring stalks),
Pittie my woes, my wordes, my wandring walkes.

You stottes, & steeres, throughout these pastures ranging,
Yong kiddes, and sheepe, on these fat lees fast grazing.
Rough pated Rammes, your valour neuer chaunging,
You light-foote staggess that stand aloofe a-gazing.
Goates, bulles, young hefters, kids, and simple sheepe,
Vine spoyling beasts, helpe me to mourne and weepe.

But when shee sawe her cheekes in vaine were watred,
Her pearled teares to no intent were scattered.
Shee then recordes his too disdainfull hatred,
Scorning the fortresse (fayre tort) he had battered
When wandring through the desarts, dennes, and
Her late lost loue she inwardly bewayles, dailes,
E 3 Like

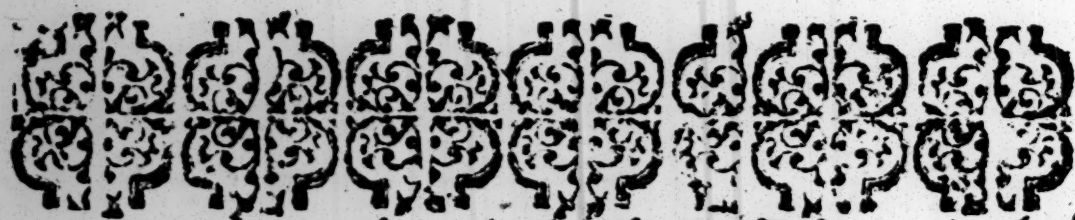
Oenone and Paris.

Like to a shippe with tempestes all too dashed
Beaten with billowes and almost ouer-turned,
Whose hollowe wombe with watrie waues is washed,
So wandereth shee with flaming fancie burned.
Or to a passenger that lost his way,
Feareth his steppes, yet wotes not where to stray.

Or likest to a new strooke bleeding hart,
That runnes to seeke Dictamus flower to cure it,
And nighly wasted with the pinching smart,
Restes as hee runnes, not able to endure it:
— Yet runnes againe when hunters hup, & showte him,
— Striuing for life, yet deaths wound beares about him.

So wanders poore Oenone through the thickets,
Vncertaine where to stay, or where to rest her,
Nowe sittes she still, now doeth she chace the prickets,
Heauen helpe (poore soule) her new searcht wound doth
Here leaue I her, with loues disdain rewarded. (fester.
Of her selfe forlorne, of Paris vnregarded.

FINIS.



*amongst booke published by Rich^d. Jones, Herbert II. 1054.
is — wherein is described the extremitie of loue / the effectes
of hate / the operation of these both.
the last known publication is in 1600.*

